

Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

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Petersburg.

Is situated at the northeast corner of the county of Dinwiddie, Virginia, on the south bank of the Appomattox river, twenty-two miles south of Richmond, and nine miles south-west of City Point, on the line of the great Southern railroad. The harbor admits vessels of considerable draught, and even ships come as far as Waltham's landing, six miles below the town, where there is a branch railroad, about three miles in length, connecting the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. Its exports were flour and tobacco. It contained eight or ten large and prosperous cotton mills, whose main features were in good repair before the war broke out. As early as 1846-6 a fort, called Fort Henry, was established at the falls of the Appomattox, where Petersburg now stands, for the defense of the inhabitants against the Indians. The town derives its name from Peter Jones, who opened a trading establishment with the Indians at an early day. The locality was first called Peter's Point, subsequently changed to Petersburg. This Peter Jones was an old friend and fellow-traveler of Colonel William Byrd, and in 1738 accompanied him on a journey to Roanoke, on which occasion the plan of establishing Richmond and Petersburg was established. Byrd says, in his journal, "When we got home we laid the foundation of two large cities—one at Shocco's, to be called Richmond, and the other at the point of the Appomattox river, to be called Petersburg." In the October session of 1747 the town was incorporated by the Virginia Legislature.

In the war of the Revolution Petersburg was twice visited by the enemy. On the 22d of April, 1781, the British, under Gen. Phillips, left Williamsburg, sailed up the James river, and on the 24th landed at City Point. A battle was fought for the possession of the place, in which it was defended by Baron Steuben, with one thousand men, against a force of twenty-three hundred. It was taken, and among the other officers was the traitor Arnold, who is described as "a handsome man that limped in his gait from a wound received at Saratoga." Gen. Phillips signified his appearance by burning four thousand hogsheads of tobacco. The warehouse belonging to one lady, Mrs. Bolling, whose house was the British headquarters, was spared on condition that the tobacco should be removed. After many devastations at Osborne's, Manchester, Warwick, &c., the enemy set sail and proceeded down the James river until they received countermarching orders. They re-embarked on the 9th of May, and captured some eight or ten American officers. Phillips, the British General, was ill of a bilious fever during this second occupation, and at the same time the town was besieged by Lafayette from a point on the north side of the Appomattox, known as Archer's hill. Phillips died on the 13th. The balls were flying in the town and about the headquarters of the expiring General, and it is said he complained bitterly because they would not let him die in peace. He was buried in the grave-yard adjoining the Blandford church. On the 20th of May, Cornwallis entered the town, but remained only a few days. It will be seen from this brief and imperfect historical sketch that Petersburg has before been the scene of battles, though nothing to compare with what it endures now.

A spirited debate has very recently taken place in the English Parliament, in which many things were said not at all complimentary to us, except in one respect—the compliment to our courage. The debate was sprung by a resolution of inquiry from the Marquis of Clanricarde upon the subject of the enrollment of British subjects. The noble Marquis charged directly that the Federal Government had for years deliberately endeavored to fill its armies with foreigners, and especially with the subjects of the Queen. He said that Mr. Seward had presented to Congress a bill, strengthened by the approval of the President, proposing to establish a foreign recruiting office in New York city, with agencies throughout the entire country. This bill, however, was defeated.

It was well known, said the Marquis, that the President undertook the enlistment of negroes in this country only because it was impossible to fill the ranks with white men. He censured the British government for its course, and insisted that by a proper course this war could have been stopped two years ago. Lord Brougham followed in the same strain: "The eloquence of Mr. Burke and of Lord Chatham made the walls of Parliament ring with complaints of the German mercenaries being taken into the pay of the government for the purpose of subduing America. Now these Americans were doing the very self-same thing, not by taking corps, but thousands of individuals who are foreigners into their service, and employing them against the Confederates. He wished his voice, which hardly reached the limits of that room, could reach across the Atlantic to his old friends and clients—telling them that he was in 1812, to which his noble friend referred, he had suffered much abuse in this country, being called at one time the Attorney General of Mr. Madison, at all times the tool of Mr. Jefferson, and said in every respect to have given preponderance to America over his own country—a groundless charge, but it was made, and it showed the anxiety and warmth with which he supported the cause of America. [Hear, hear.]

Lord John Russell, in reply, was scarcely as complimentary even as these. He calls our "horrible" war—unwieldy—barbarous. He sneers at us for slaughtering thousands of men for the purpose of preventing the Southern people from acting on the principles of 1776.

Altogether, it is not a flattering picture by any means, and although all parties

deprecate interference, yet it is plain to be seen that this arises from no friendship towards the Union.

At the coming August election the following vacancies will have to be filled: A Senator for the Sixteenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Adair, Cumberland, Green and Russell; vice T. C. Alexander, resigned. Also a Senator in the Twentieth District, composed of the counties of Franklin, Anderson and Woodford; vice J. Kemp Goodloe, resigned. In Henry county a Representative will have to be elected to fill the unexpired term of J. Pres. Sparks, murdered. Elections will also be held to fill vacancies caused by the death of Hugh Irvine, of this city, and the resignation of J. H. Sandige, from Cumberland and Christian counties, both gentlemen having been members of the Lower House. The voters in Judge Duvall's District will have to elect an Appellate Judge, Judge Duvall's term having expired.

At the battle of Sabine Cross Roads the rebels confess to have lost fearfully, the Crescent Regiment, Eighteenth Texas, and others, literally losing in killed and wounded more than half their number engaged. Between eight and nine hundred of their wounded have died since the battle.

The communication clause has been repealed in the lower House. It will probably be as fatal a measure to obtaining men as the gold bill was to getting money.

A small craft, fifteen feet keel, will attempt to cross the Atlantic. She is to be called the Vision, and may call for provisions before the trip is over.

The President showed his weakness immediately upon the resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury, in endeavoring to "take a Tod."

Mr. Lincoln has pursued a very strange financial course, but appears to have given up the Chase at last.

Some persons think the only way to make peace is to drop the enemy a line—with a man on the end of it.

Lieut. Maury is fighting against his country, in defense of the Maxim, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria Maury."

An exchange proposes an "inside view" of National affairs. In our opinion, we had better look out.

The money legislation was to lower the price of coin, but it was found that wouldn't go down.

Since the downfall of the father of the greenbacks, who is to sustain the poor orphan?

Georgia is wealthier than any one State in S. C., but no wealthier than Ten S. C.

The South boasts of her game, but we notice there isn't any quail down there.

Gillmore was censured for not taking Petersburg, and Grant has not taken it yet.

It is impossible to give the enemy quarter—unless he will take paper money.

Men who blow their own trumpets have to be at the little end of the horn.

It is not every political great gun that belongs to a fighting "stock."

This world is a lottery, and even some religious music mere chants.

Russia is about to introduce postage stamps.

Five English gentlemen lost 1,800,000 francs in the Derby race.

The Emperor of Russia has given Tsar College a copy of the Codex Sinaiticus, and much good may it do Yale.

Rosa Bonheur has painted two pictures for the French exhibition—a scene of Landais peasants, and a Highland study.

An ancient Roman sword, having a gold hilt, set with precious stones, was found last week at Helligren, near Treves. The blade was nearly destroyed by rust, but the hilt was in perfect preservation.

A Paris correspondent of a United States paper says Napoleon is getting Alpersia in his proportions—in fact, quite dumpy.

The Parisians, speaking of their late triumph at horse racing, say "Waterloo is avenged."

Another young man is reported as cutting his throat at Hamburg—the gambling hell. He made a very bad mess of it both at play and suicide.

London papers state that a divorce case, which will be heard in July, is likely to be the sensational trial of the year. In it are concerned a county quire of good family, his lady and a noble Earl, whose Countess moves in the very cream of London society.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, author of the narrative poem of Pelayo, has lately received from the Empress Eugenie a gold medal in acknowledgment of the pleasure which the perusal of that work, founded on the history of her native country in one of its most interesting periods, had given her.

The petition against the punishment of death, now in course of signature at Paris, has already received the names of thirty thousand working men, and has been sent to M. Lachaud for him to obtain the signatures of his brethren of the bar; but it did not save Le Pommerehne, the poisoner who was guillotined in Paris. Napoleon is reported as having said: "Once the penalty of death abolished, I know well enough that my own life would not be worth a week's purchase."

The St. Petersburg journals state that a bill relative to the abolition of the export duties has just been sent to the Council of the Russian Empire by the Minister of Finance, and hopes are entertained that it will soon be promulgated, and the more so that the budget of 1864 takes that suppression into account.

It has been stated that Dr. Grunzel, back of the University of Upsala, lately returned to actively a snake which had been frozen to torpidity for ten years. It is also reported that he proposes to the Swedish Government to experiment on criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to complete torpor by the gradual application of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two.

In reference to the state of the Pope's health, the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph thinks there has been too much said about it. The disease under which the Pope is now suffering is hereditary; his father had it, and lived till ninety-two; he has a brother also afflicted in the same way who is eighty-six. The average period of the life of the members of the family is ninety. So his Holiness is bound by family tradition to live eighteen years and nine days longer. The Emperor of the French, through his ambassador at Rome, has presented the congratulations of the Government to the Pope upon the restoration of his health.

LINES.

Dedicated to the Memory of W. H. Pagan, late Captain of Company C, Thirty-fourth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, as a Tribute of Respect.

BY A MEMBER OF HIS OLD COMPANY.

He has gone, the noble and beloved, like a star shot from the sky.
Or a rose upon the waters thrown to drop, to fade, to die.

He has gone; his life was sacrificed, his soul at peace; rest; God's will be done, and let us hope that all's done for the best.

But he has left a name as bright as gems that gleam afar,
And on his country's tablet it glitters like a star.

But one short month ago he stood an honor to our cause—
A Christian, father, friend, he lived for freedom and its laws.

Kentucky's annals attest his valor; he's numbered with her slain;
A student of the law he rose, he shone, he reigned.

Kentucky, though once peaceful, still proud and noble State,
Woe, misery, death seems thy destined unrelenting fate.

'Twas not in the fierce contest, 'mid the clash and clang of sword,
Nor where the silver voice of—'awaked love's sweet sound;

Not amid the clash and gleam of steel and cannon's thunder boom,
Nor the moans of the dying, that told the wronging traitor's doom;

Not when, in rebel robes bound, that bade thy life depart;
But death struck down the arm of pride and chilled thy patriot heart.

But let not all hope be lost, and,—thine thy thoughts be;
And from the ethereal dome a spirit free gleams out with potent love.

To lure thee on to 'ternal rest and the bright heaven;
To lure thee by sacred love to bind thy seeking, acting soul;

And o'er this new-made grave let wife's, sister's, mother's warmest tears of love be shed,
And strew it with flowers, for, alas! the loved one's lost—his gone—his dead!

FRANK, COMPANY C,
CUMBERLAND GAP, April 18, 1864.

MOONLIT BOAT-RIDE.

TO THE PAIR TRIO—M. D. AND M.

The rosy moon in splendor drest
Is ever cheering to the sight,
It 'twas a scene like this the best;
But 'tis a scene less fair and bright
Than maidens on the lake at night.

Aurora borealis proud,
On heart and brain impressions leave,
Sublimely true the heavens embrace;
And though about they're still beneath
Sweet boat-rides on the lake at eve.

My soul with awe is ever stirred
When lightning's fierce darkness break—
But gentle maidens, in a word,
Emotions grander does it make
To sail with damsel on the lake.

I love the gentle song of birds,
It makes me heartier and more true,
Still I can think of sweeter words,
And better suited to my choice—
The twilight notes of Marion's voice.

The ancient bard, with pen of fire,
Presented bright poetic pearls,
Their beauty does the heart inspire;
But none the sweetest glow diffuse
Than moonlight boat-rides with the girls.

The frightened fawn upon the hill
The heaving breast just before
With graceful bound escape the hill—
'Tis sport to see, but pleasure more,
To see *Marianne* ply the oar.

By valor, in the battle's fray,
The hero carries the day;
The thought he prompts—"I've won the day!"
More courage *Dorcas* shows no doubt
In "facing *Marianne* dangers out."

Sweet maidens, long shall memory dwell
Upon those charming twilight skies,
Should we not meet again—farewell—
And may we all one day be true,
To course the streams of Paradise.

W. O. M.
LOUISVILLE, KY., June, 1864.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY BURCHAM.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," but
many a lady has won a faint heart.

The river of life will never be dry so
long as human sorrow begets tears.

Sweet dreams are not the bathing of our
sorrow-laden minds in the nectar
pools of dreamland.

Dark clouds are the instruments of
rain, like thoughts are of tears.

The pleasures of love compared with
its disappointments, like sunshine in a
thunderstorm thickly interlined, are hidden
by the clouds.

Balmy sleep is but the "laying out" of
our bodies at night to reurrect in the morn-
ing, and the noise of the breakfast-bell is
to the lady what Gabriel's trumpet will be
to a sinner.

The war will make astronomers of
many of our brokers and money specula-
tors, for they certainly gaze with longing
and wishful eyes upon the silver-shining
moon and the golden-hued stars; and al-
though they are unlearned in the use of the
telescope, they squint at them through green
spectacles.

Our Generals, in holding the negro
soldiers in reserve, are following the teach-
ings of the old adage, "Take care of the
(s)oldiers and the dollars will take care of
themselves."

A soldier in a rain storm can truly
say, "It better to be in a shower of rain
than a shower of bullets."

An "American citizen of African de-
scent," not long since, speaking of joining
the army said, "he was willing to be on aid
in *de camp*" (Aid-de-camp).

The artist that took Lincoln's photo-
graph is not the only man that ever "got
off" a joke on paper.

The man who has fled for his country
and receives no favors, thinks there is more
virtue in *splitting rails* than being lied.

Dewdrops are the kisses of angel-flow-
ers to those on earth. The pure little un-
dressed flowers of earth are ever holding
their tiny heads towards heaven to receive
them.

If a cowardly assassin throws dirt in
the eyes and mouth of his more valiant an-
tagonist, it is that a reason for saying the
latter "bit the dust?"

We suppose the cause of more and
baser deeds being committed in the night
than in the day is owing to the opinion
prevailing that such deeds will not be de-
tected, because then the heavens are moon-
eyed.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., June 27th, 1864.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

VILLULA.

Eastward of the delightful Falls City, on
the night of the sixth day of the third
week of the fifth month, A. D. one thou-
sand eight hundred and sixty-four, there as-
sembled, at the homestead of one of our
friend's, renowned for her true South-
ern hospitality, a bevy of fair women and a
cove of brave and chivalric men (7), to
trip cheerily in chase of fleeting hours, on
the "light fantastic toe."

From the vener-
able and stately old monarchs of the forest
and the more modest undergrowth stream-
ed the dazzling rays from a score of swing-
ing lamps, which shined the surroundings
with a mystic light—imparting to the
scene a beauty approximating the lovely
grandeur of the enchanted realm.

And music, too, sweet music, that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much.

The very atmosphere was freighted with
its sweet symphony. The soul laved itself
in its mellow waves of rich harmony. This
arena of morbid cares and perplexing
anxieties was temporarily curtailed, and
we yielded ourselves up to the
extatic bliss of another sphere. Quaffed
drinks and full draughts from the giddy
cup of unconfined and unalloyed
pleasure. Held sweet converse with the
gifted and chosen daughters of Venus—a
privilege more to be desired than the gift
of Midas. Loitered sentimentally 'neath
the interlarded boughs of rich fruitgroves.
Sequestered ourselves in couples in "Lovers'
Retreat," environed by vegetating nature,
which divulged no secrets and betrayed no
trust. We strolled, delighted, through
parterres of fragrant flowers, from which
emanated odors so grateful to our olfac-
tory nerves. It is possible, though not prob-
able, we doled out some feeling sentimentality
to our charming incarnations, for we are not
proof against such carnal weaknesses.

Within doors Strauss was electrifying the
giddy participants in the merry dance
with some stirring strains. The god of
merriment was beside himself, and shook
his fair sides with good-humored hilarity.
Mirth and joviality ran riot and swept all
in its resistless tide. The drowsy god was
exiled. Bacchus was kept at a respectable
distance and was not permitted to be as
rude and boisterous as was his wont. Will
gushed and sparkled on every side. Hum-
orous thrusts were given and parried with
a consummate skill that elicited admiration.
The cowled monk and hooded gentle man
not on "Gambler's palm wood" and inter-
changed friendly salutations. The mailed
warrior and grotesque gentleman sat in
neighborly proximity. Federal and rebel
were intimately intermixed and held social
conferences. We bethought ourselves of the
millennials, when "earth would keep
jubilee for a thousand years." Almond-eyed
"Tommy" was there, looking as if he felt
that he was a long distance from home, and
in quest of some genial spirit with which
to commune.

Such joyous scenes are calculated to
awaken in us a reluctance to quit this
earthly abode and begot in us a tolerance
for the ills of life, in view of the sweet bud
of mutual affection and enjoyment which
grows in common with it. Miss Delia,
the enterprising bookstall, was in-
imitable, and a source of much merriment.
Miss Kate D., of Covington, Ky., as
"Emeralda," the charming little tam-
bo-riene girl, was superb, and the character
well suited her style; hence the effect was
doubly good. We misremember the char-
acter personated by Miss Mary C. Z.; but
suffice it to say, she was looking so exqui-
sitely beautiful, that we failed to liken her
unto anything we have ever seen or read
of. Mrs. Dr. M., as Lucretia Borgia, was
looking queenly, and acted well her part.
Mrs. Dr. K. represented the "Feast of
Roses." She truly looked as if Flora had,
in her prodigality, bestowed her with her
choicest flowers, and sent her hither as a
most representative of her realm. The
character of Lady Teazel was well suited
to, and well sustained by Mrs. Capt. C.
Miss L. R. H., of Frankfort, whom we
had the honor of escorting hither, repre-
sented the City Lady, and none were better
qualified to sustain that difficult part, pos-
sessing, as she does, that ease, grace and
dignity to an eminent degree. We are ap-
prehensive that we did not succeed in im-
pressing her with our ability to perform
all the duties devolving upon us on such
occasions. Miss Juliette T. requires no en-
comium from us. She was truly that exotic
bird from an unknown isle, rejoicing in its
gay plumage, and charming us with its
surpassing beauty. Lalla Rookh, long may
you live to lure us with a soul-melting can-
dicle, and charm us with your accustomed
friendly greeting, and we live to enjoy
over again the hospitality of the good folks
of Villula. Exit, *concomit*.

Ex-COLONEL.

Wholesale Blockade Running.

[From the Bermuda Royal Gazette, 14th.]
On the 4th, steamer Lynx, Captain Reid,
arrived from Wilmington, N. C., with six
hundred and twenty-one bales of cotton.
On the 7th, the steamer Sumner, Captain
Marshall, arrived with 800 bales cotton
and 208 boxes tobacco. On the 8th, steam-
er Atlanta, Captain Howe, arrived from same
port with 536 bales cotton, 156 half tierces
and 227 boxes tobacco. On the 9th, steam-
er Celestine, Captain Union, arrived from
same port with 604 bales cotton and a
quantity of turpentine. On the 11th, the
steamer City of Petersburg arrived from
same port with 810 bales cotton and a
quantity of tobacco.

Admiral Sir James Hope, K. C. B., in
his flagship, the Duncan, arrived at the
islands on the 13th, after an absence of
about two months, during which time he
visited nearly all the islands on the West
India station.

Size of St. Peter's Church.—Presi-
dent Fairbank, in endeavoring to give an
idea of the size of St. Peter's Church, at
Rome, remarked particularly to the dome, which
is of massive stonework, and supported by
four large columns, arches connecting
them. Each of these four pillars, he says,
occupies as much space on the floor of the
church as an edifice 80 feet long and 60
feet wide, which is larger, probably, than
any church building in New England, east-
side of the principal cities. This dome, if
provided with seats as economically as
Spurgeon's chapel in London, would hold
three thousand persons, and if lifted from
the top of St. Peter's church and let down
over Henry Ward Beecher's church, in
Brooklyn, would cover it completely, with-
out touching it on any part. And yet it
does not appear too large for the edifice on
which it stands, and the immense columns
which support it are but little in the way
in the interior of St. Peter's.

A pretty girl in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
has brought grief to her father's heart by
cloping with a gambler.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

MUSINGS.

BY BURCHAM.

This is a weary world. Ah! quoth a weary
The few bright gems that lie along our path.
As opulents and as pure as things of heaven,
Are like ourselves, too quickly crushed, lie dead.
Full many a flower I've gazed upon to have it
Wither in my hand and die. Full many
A gem of hope I've claimed as mine, but ah!
As soon to fall and wither as the flower's
I grasped. Doctinal as satanic smiles
The smiles of those bright gems of hope to me;
They mock me, while in phrensy I return
Each smile, as if it lit an angel's brow.
This smile my drooping spirit roused from gloom;
The other sent around my soul, and yet
I take its flight—another blot in man's
Upon my book of fate. Ah! buried hopes,
All useless now you lie, while this and
Heart beats requiems o'er thy tomb.
ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., June 25, 1864.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE VICTIM.
A Galleon built the touching tale has told
The mother, poor—she mothers have been—
To a rich sister, say, base and old.
The mother, poor—she mothers have been—
To a rich sister, say, base and old.
The mother, poor—she mothers have been—
To a rich sister, say, base and old.

Substitutes are quoted in New York
at \$600 and an "upward tendency."

The cause of the accident recently on
the New Haven road was the expansion of
the rails by heat.

Four hundred thousand letters were
sent North from Washington in one day,
written by soldiers.

The subject of a young lady who re-
cently lectured at Portsmouth, N. H., was
"Whom Shall I Marry?"

The New York Herald thinks Satan
will have to enlarge his dominions if he
intends to make room for all who have com-
mitted sin under the reign of shoddy and
corruption.

The New York papers say that a sec-
ond attempt was made on Thursday to
launch the monitor Puritan, but failed.
New ways will have to be made, and it will
be some two weeks ere another attempt to
launch can be made.

Four strong-minded British females, on
their travels, were arrested on Pentecost
Sunday in the Cathedral of Cologne, where
they were engaged in the "consecration" by dis-
tributing tracts denouncing the Catholic
Church, its ministers and its doctrines.
They were civilly shown to the door and
dismissed in a state of unspeakable indigna-
tion.

A late copy of the Richmond Whig con-
tains the following affecting paragraph:
"The first tears shed by General John C.
Breckinridge since the war were shed on
Friday night, 3d inst., on account of the
death of his favorite horse, that had borne
him since the battle of Shiloh."

The Bibliotheca Sacra, in a notice of
the memoir of John Rogers, says, on the
authority of that work, that eleven children
attended the martyr at the stake, the young-
est of which was never seen before.
This puts to rest the long unsettled ques-
tion as to the number of his children.

An Ohio soldier, writing home from
Sherman's army, relates how one of our
brave men was killed. He had ordered a
rebel to surrender, when the fellow gave up
his arms, all but a concealed pistol, and at
the first opportunity shot the Federal sol-
dier dead. It was with difficulty that our
men could be restrained from retaliating
on the prisoners. The rebel who killed the
soldier by means of the concealed pistol
was immediately shot.

The treasurer of Nevada Territory
writes that, with a greenback currency, the
amount of capital that would find its way
there from the Eastern States would enable
them to produce \$30,000,000 of the precious
metals annually.

A gentleman who left the headquarters
of the Army of the Potomac, Wednesday last,
states that rebel prisoners captured before
Petersburg say that for three months past
the Confederate Government has been con-
stantly shipping and storing provisions at
Richmond, in anticipation of a siege.

The farmers of New Hartford are sell-
ing their rye crop to the boot-makers. It is
cut up green and taken off in the sheaf.
They follow with a crop of tobacco, and thus
get two profitable harvests in a season.

"Stand Wail," chief of the Cherokee
nation, has recently been commissioned as
Brigadier General in the rebel army. He
is the first Indian who ever attained that
rank.

Fanny Fern, who ought to know, says,
speaking of cotton: "The ladies, as we all
know, owe much to the cotton gin. It is
the pure and delicate Southern staple.
Of all the products of the earth it is
nearest to their hearts."

The Hamilton Trust Telegraph is now
set up by girls. The girls deserve to have
somebody set up with them. The telegraph
man feels happy, and tells the craft to come
on! It can't disturb his office. [Exchange.]

The women leagues against purchasing
foreign articles must eat salmon, for it is
bought with gold sent to the British Prov-
inces. How is their Oolong, Young Hyson,
&c., &c.?

Michael Shoemaker, an ex-United States
Collector of Buchanan's appointment, is in
trial at Detroit for defrauding the Govern-
ment. In February, 1862, Alfred Russell,
Esq., the United States District Attorney,
commenced five suits against Shoemaker,
one of which is now pending, and the pres-
ent suit it is claimed that \$10,000 is due
to the Government on moneys had and re-
ceived by the Collector, and not accounted
for and paid over to the United States.

The rebels have adopted a new plan of
surprising and capturing our outposts near
Fredericksburg. They advance towards
our pickets with arms at trail, indicating a
surrender, but when within a few yards of
our men they recede arms and fire. One day
last week they practiced this game and
succeeded in wounding and capturing about
sixty men.

A scientific gentleman of Paris has a
new plan for purifying the sewers of large
cities and preventing the pestilential ex-
halations issuing from them. His plan con-
sists in establishing a communication be-
tween the sewers and the furnaces of large
manufactories burning coal. By this means
the foul air would be carried off, carrying
all the infected air into the fire, where it
would be decomposed.

On the passage up the Kanawha river,
a few days ago, a party of the Thirty-
eighth Ohio, a man named Humphreys
leaped overboard and swam ashore. Pass-
ing by his home, he had asked permission
to stop a few minutes, and was refused,
when he returned suddenly to the river, and
made a leap for the river. Raising to
the top of his head, he struck out bravely for
the shore, amid a volley of cheers, and re-
ached it safely. The boat passed on. After
having kissed his wife and dried his clothing,
he mounted a horse and in fifteen minutes
passed the lock, showing lustily to be taken
on. At the next station it was done.

Scientific and other Paragraphs.

FURNITURE.—Bedsteads should be taken apart at least at the fall cleaning, washed thoroughly in the crevices subject to

corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol, or for common coarse furniture, all all the services not likely to come in contact with the bed clothes, with strong, common bar soap.

Then rosewood, mahogany, or any other furniture, must be freed from dust by wiping clean of fly specks or other soil, and after rubbed over with very fine rotten stone mixed with oil, and when dry rubbed off with a soft silk cloth. If your fine furniture needs varnish, get a first-rate professional hand. But, with good cabinet makers, varnish and suitable brushes, and constant attention, you may do the job quite well yourself. Be sure to have the furniture clean when you begin to varnish it.

If you live out of reach of a cabinetmaker's aid, you may repair and varnish up considerably, if you have patience and skill. If a piece of veneering is off, cut the edges of the break smoothly, fit in a piece of veneer exactly (the grain running with that of the furniture), paste it in glue, and tack it in with a number of small pins slightly. When the glue has dried, draw out the pins, and, with a piece of glass, scrape the newly joined edges

ture is much scoured and abused, *scrape all the old varnish with glass carefully; rub it with coarse and fine sand-paper successively until smooth as satin; pre-* varnish, and you will be astonished at the result of your labor.

MARBLE.—All marble should be washed commonly with luke-warm water and sponge; grease spots or stains can be removed by washing with salts of tartar.

IRON SPOTS may be removed by rubbing with a piece of lemon, and washing with cold water.

ALABASTER should be washed with brush thoroughly with aqua fortis in cold water—(an ounce to a half pint)—rinsed in cold water and set in the sun to dry.

INK SPOTS on wooden furniture may be removed by rubbing on oil of vitriol and

marks from heat may be removed by
bing first with oil, and after with alcoh
or with spirits of hartshorn.

UNVARNISHED MAHOGANY, or any
furniture wood, may be polished se
ways, and by frequent rubbing be
very nice.

A piece of beeswax as large as an
half as much rosin, melted in a pi
spirits of turpentine, spread over a
evenly, and when cold well rubbed

Take a cake of pure beeswax, rub over the surface you wish to polish; wrap a linen cloth over a warm smooth iron, and rub it over the table until wax is evenly spread; then with a w cloth rub until smooth and bright.

To the Editor of the Chicago Post:

You will pardon me for dating my letter at no place in particular, as that is what happens to be at the time of writing; I presume you care nothing about the place, it is of little consequence. For my part, I don't care a fig about dates, I am especially fond of prunes.

I left Chicago soon after the trees commenced leaving. I make a practice

I had made up my mind to remain home this season, and should have done so, if the city had not become too hot for me. When I speak of the city, I do not allude exclusively to the temperature of the atmosphere; another sort of fear something to do with the affair. I do not anticipate bodily injury from any particular quarter, for there were not any quarters in Chicago when I left; I

the whole city should come down on me; it was no uncommon thing for me to see brickbats coming around street corners when I least expected them; and when I expected them or not, they were always welcome visitors. On one or two occasions I was mistaken for an editor, and the serious adventures that succeeded the misadventure challenge description. You will be glad to find that I don't care how much my descriptive powers are challenged, but

I went upon the streets with a piece of white paper and a pencil in my hand, and commenced hailing brickbats; and whenever I went out with a pair of black balloons I could smell powder.

The town became too hot for me and I am no coward; when I meet a brave man I always treat him well, and never hit him; but if I meet a coward, I don't care what I say to him. I can appreciate

(I call it beautiful because I have a lot of it in which has a corner lot to sell. I expect this letter to be read by a member of Vermont who wants to purchase) was celebrated by a dream which came to me last night when I was asleep. I had an old dream. Unlike Byron's, it was all a dream and more too. I dreamed—that is I dreamed; I was so frightened that I did not believe it was real. I am not sure that I was not positive about the beginning.

Inhabitants were in arrest on charcoal, one third for assault and battery, gambling, and the other third had their bail, and run away to keep from being. I alone escaped. Methought upon the highest pinnacle of the house, and gazed with sublime contempt upon all inanimate things below. congratulating myself upon my escape, demoralization, and meditating what should still live a virtuous life and

When an Ethiopian minstrel hit me
face with a silver cup and blinded
me. When I recovered it was growing dark
I saw a caravan approaching from afar
and the people bore banners, on which
inscribed "Woodlawn," and they
loud imprecations against me, and
my time had come, but it had
some other man's time. The
increased, and became so in

According to the clouds
man in it, and the red-
and shot through the
saw his red hair approach
him he couldn't come it;
struck me violently, knock-
pinnae, and I awoke. To
me that I was all right, and
of my house to meet another
the same one that I had met three
fore.

They are so pleasantly located, the scenery around me is so surpassingly beautiful, and devoid of all mosquitoes and bats. The crops bid fair to be exceedingly fine. If we don't have some rain they will be finer than they ever were before in the world. In those districts where birds are numerous, corn comes up as fast as it is planted. A great many farmers have not planted much grain this season, and the products of their farms will be small potatoes. Will you please

from Chicago, and brickbats become numerous than they are now; where John shall have restored peace and order, and arrests are no longer a necessity—"when this cruel war is over," return. Until then, I am, tranquilly,
BEAU HACKBERRY
